

If I...

Foxy Brown

Uhh, c'mon yeah
Brooklyn, Brook-lyn, take it back, take it back
If I, Fox Boogie, ragtop six drop
Get caught, think not, light Brown
'Cause we're not to be stopped
If II came up fast in this crap game they call a rap game
What the damn! She's killin' it again from that dame
Now every snake fake-faced O jig
I'm like, just don't sell me the 'Bridge, I buy lakes
Friends even bend rules, chicks I lent jewels
Says, "She's actin' funny now, oh she's got money now"
Tryin' to do my thing y'all, need you on my team
But you aint gon' stop my dream, or block my cream I liked things better when you called me Ings
A year before Rap City, way before Screen Scene
'Fore they knew who Foxy was, you probably was
The first to keep it real wit all my secrets concealed
Things got ill the minute I got a deal
And my time got shorter and you was havin' a daughter
Had to stop hopscotch, get off my rump
Damn I wish we were still playin' jump If I could take this back I would
If I could rewind the time to when it was all good
I would take it back to when we said goodbye
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If I My so-called man thinkin' he slick 'cause I stay on tour
Thought he'd never get caught tryin' to play on whores
I cried as my keys was scrapin' the car doors
From the trunk, to the hood, by the wheel and the floor
Exposed my vulnerable side, had me open wide
Said you forever keep it real, but you lied
Was the first to feel inside, the Ill Na Na
Had me thirst when you whispered to me, "How it feel mama?" Yeah, but don't hurt it, I like the way you work it
No Diggity, don't stop, get busy
Blew up your pager, checked your clothes
Duked your house keys, stole your beeper code
What happened to the Mo's and the occasional roses
Massages and the bubble baths, rubbin' my toes as
I realize you was just misleadin' me

I shoulda known, you left your last chick to be with me
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If Mommy dearest tried to prepare us for a lot ahead
You never heard, preferred to smoke your lye instead
On the one to one combo told me you'd die for bread
That's why I spend these nights, cryin' in the bed
You had the deep dish six, your rep was widespread
I tried to intervene, you said it was over my head
Said I'd never understand the plight of a black man
Right, but I'm tryin' to keep you in my life
V.I.A. satellite, talkin' them burn outs
Soon you had me whilin' and you turned me out
Taught me bout how to win, the code of the streets
Luxuries and wealth, untold it was sweet
And one night you asleep after work was chopped up
Felt somethin' strange in my veins, I popped up
One foot in the house shoot flew to the horn
Got the cell operator, I knew you was gone
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